

GROWN WISER.

used to watch her girlish head
bent over work; the sunlight stole
from her wayward hair and spread
a soft encircling aureole.

She looked so slight, so innocent!
I thought at twenty-one or so,
with all sufficient self-content,
I knew so much she did not know.

For men grow old in knowing, taught
by evil things as well as good.
My life was in the world, I thought,
and here in gentle solitude.

But now, at twenty-four, there lies
such wisdom won of joy and pain,
such shining in her quiet eyes,
I may never more attain.

I cannot learn it, if I would.
This strange sweet thing she understands.
The other with motherhood
And tiny touch of baby hands.
Charles E. Going in Ladies' Home Journal.

RISE IN TROUSERS.

I was about to leave my office to go
to breakfast when the office boy
brought me a leaf torn from the block
which is always to be found in the ante-
room of newspaper offices and upon
which was written, "Louis Demare."
I knew the man well. We were fellow
workmen and had come up to Paris to-
gether. Fortune had frowned upon him.
He would like to say that I was out,
but I knew what he was doing.
I was waiting at such an hour. He would only
come to wait on the sidewalk until hun-
dred dollars drove me out. I resigned my-
self to admitting him.

"Show him in, Martin," said I to the
boy. "As the gentleman has probably
come to borrow, here is some money. If
he asks you to lend me some, give this to me and say that it is all you
have."

"You're dead right to be fly with
him," answered the boy. "He looks as
if he was on his uppers, and his pants is
new."

Demare came briskly into the office.

"Well, old boy," he said before I
had time to open my lips, "I have come
to borrow. But this is an exceptional
case. I am not going to say that I have
lost a good deal for a week, nor
that I need 50 louis to pay a debt of
honor, nor 50 francs to pay for a car-
riage ride for two. I want just 10 louis,
or 10 francs precisely that amount. Just
one and twenty francs. I have enough to
match that and pay for my breakfast in
the bargain," and he really showed me
two 20 franc pieces. "This 10 louis I will
return to you this evening before dinner
time. As my demand may seem a little
extravagant, I will help you out by
promising that if I do not bring the
money back before 7 tonight you may in-
struct your boys to kick me off the prem-
ises if I ever show myself here again.
Shall I sign that agreement? You know
that I would not for the world cut off
the source of so many benefits by not
keeping my word. I regret that I can-
not tell you exactly what disposition I
intend to make of your 10 louis. I can only
tell you that I am to use it in a com-
mercial enterprise that is a daisy—you hear,
"Jim dandy!"

The fellow made me laugh in spite of
myself. I was completely disarmed. I
gave him his 10 louis, and I truly believe
I should have invited him to breakfast
with me if he had not been so meanly
dressed. But with such trousers it was
an impossibility.

Promptly at 7 o'clock the boy an-
nounced, with a show of respect:

"Mr. Demare."

"Faithful to my agreement," said he
gayly. "Here is your yellow boy. As I
know you are busy, I will go, but not
without thanking you most heartily."

"Was your 'jim dandy' a success?" I
inquired.

"Decidedly," said he, showing me a
handful of money.

"Allow me to compliment you," I
said. "You must have been playing the
trick."

"I am not foolish enough for that,"
he replied.

I noticed he wore new trousers, which
must have cost him \$4 or \$5. That ex-
plained the increased respect of the of-
fice boy. Surely the fellow had not
wasted his day.

The next day he brought me an ar-
ticle on some of our city institutions. It
was interesting, and I accepted it.
When he went out, I noticed that he
wore new trousers and different ones
from those he had worn the day before.
Two days later he called for the pay for
his article. He came up to shake hands
with me on going away. Mechanically
I glanced at his trousers—he had on a
third pair, and they were perfectly new.

I met him often in the succeeding days
in the office and outside, and on every
occasion he wore a fresh pair of trousers.
Curiously enough, he always wore the
same coat, which was shabby in the
extreme.

I gradually contracted the habit of
looking at men's trousers. After a vague
examination, lasting for several suc-
cessive days, of the nether garments of all
the employees about the office from the
proofreaders down to the janitors, I
discovered to my stupefaction that none
of these persons of slender incomes wore
the same pair of trousers two days in
succession. Some of them even changed
twice a day.

I became convinced that I was the
victim of a special hallucination, and I
resolved carefully to conceal my mal-
ady, as it would have rendered me ex-
tremely ridiculous. Still I felt that it
would affect me greatly, as it would in-
duce melancholy and become a mono-
mania.

Still the trousers filed before my eyes.
They were of all colors and of all shapes.
Some fitted their wearers, others were a
little too small or a little too large.
They were evidently ready made goods,
but what an enormous quantity of trousers
my diseased imagination seemed to
have seen!

I seriously thought of making my
will; but, persuaded of my infirmity, I
knew it would be worthless and would
only lead to exposure. With the great-
est secrecy I consulted a specialist—not
a specialist in trousers, but in mental
disorders. He showed no surprise at this
form of mental disorder, talked of neu-

rasthenia, overwork and so on, and
charged me 3 louis.

I began to feel that my days were
numbered. Every one remarked the
change in my health. One of the con-
tributors brought me a curious article,
it being a history of trousers, past and
present. I threw the article into the
wastebasket and came near breaking
with the unlucky author.

Just as I was about to arrange my
business for a long vacation, having de-
cided to make a sea voyage and travel
in foreign lands, where my nightmare
would not appear to haunt me—the
highlands of Scotland, for instance, or
in central Africa—the office boy—he
wore a fresh pair of trousers—ushered
Demare into my presence with the most
profound deference without even an-
nouncing him.

At the first glance I saw that he wore
a "hitherto unpublished" pair of trou-
sers. Of course I expected that, but
what I considered as a sudden aggrava-
tion of my malady was that he wore a
new coat. If coats were going to mix
themselves with trousers in my poor sick
brain, there was nothing left for me but
to arrange the details of my funeral.

With a haggard face, I pointed to a
chair.

"Old man," said he, "knowing that
you take an interest in me, I have come
to tell you good news. I am engaged,
permanently as financial editor of The
Gazette. So we are coworkers. Congrat-
ulate me."

I murmured some feeble words of fel-
icitation.

"I owe you some explanation of my
prosperity in the last few months," he
added. "You remember the day I bor-
rowed the 10 louis from you and returned
it the same evening? I told you at the
time it was for a daisy financial stroke.
Now that my self interest does not com-
pel me to keep the professional secret, I
will tell you all. It is a pretty byplay
in metropolitan life. No, my boy, I
have not assassinated any old woman
who was incumbered with a rent roll. I
have not been adopted by an elderly hei-
ress. I have sold no political secret nor
pilgraged an embassy. I have simply been
a dealer in trousers."

At the last word I bounded to my
feet. There was my nightmare again.

"Calm yourself," said he, "and lis-
ten."

"The day before I made the demand
upon your purse I happened to be pre-
sent at the first day's sale at auction of
an immense stock of new goods from a
bankrupt custom made clothing concern.
The programme for the succeeding days
was the sale of 10,000 pairs of trousers.
There were few at the sale, the necessity
of taking the goods by lots, on account
of the great quantity, shutting out
workmen and the class of persons who
wear such garments. I remarked that
the trousers in lots of 10 cost about 2
francs each.

"By dire experience I know that the
pawnbroker lends upward of 5 francs on
a pair of trousers in good condition.
The thing to do was plain enough to be
seen. With your 10 louis I bid off a lot
of 10. Soon after I hastened to the pawn-
shop, where I offered three pairs. I en-
countered an obstacle the first thing.
They do not lend on unworn garments.
I argued my case with such eloquence,
representing that I had worn the trou-
sers, but that I was very careful of my
clothes, that I gained my point. Of
course I could prove that I was not a
tailor seeking to dispose of my stock. I
took two other lots of 10 at intervals
during the day, keeping the tenth pair
for myself. I received over a dollar
apiece for them. So you see it was a
pretty good day's transaction.

"The next day I bid off two lots, and
profiting by my experience I passed the
day and part of the night in wearing
the trousers, putting on one pair after
another. I can assure you it was back
breaking. I then conceived the idea of
having others wear them for me, and
timidly at first, but soon boldly enough,
I lent the garments day by day to your
boys, to your clerks and to many others,
asking nothing in return but discretion.
I told them that I needed to have actual
proof of their quality, as they were
made in great numbers in my shop for
shipment to South America. As my
business increased I perfected my meth-
ods. I employed agents to dispose of the
trousers. I bought as many as 60 some
days.

"All went well so long as the source
of my prosperity remained undiscovered.
One day I scented danger. One of my
agents found out by the mark on the
buttons where the goods came from, and
he bought a lot of 10. I did not hesitate
a moment.

"I hunted up the receivers of the
stock. I told them that there were 3,000
pairs of trousers unsold; that the 7,000
pairs already sold (I had bought 5,000)
had overstocked the buyer, and hence the
present price could not hold. It would
be wiser to sell them all at once. In
conclusion, I offered them 3,000 francs
for the lot of 3,000. The deal was closed,
and so all attempts at competition were
effectually prevented. At the same time
I laid myself liable to the law which
punishes monopolies.

"Now it is all over with. The pawn-
shops, glutted with trousers, rebelled
and threatened my agents with arrest.
Eight thousand of my garments rest on
their shelves, so I did not complain. In
the end I was obliged to carry my busi-
ness into the provinces. Each pair of
trousers has brought me on an average
a net of \$1; total, \$8,000. I will lend
it to you if you want to borrow.

"Now that it is not necessary for me
to affect poverty, I have bought me a
coat and some other furnishings. I still
have left about 100 pairs of trousers.
I shall give some in charity, and I have
already fitted out your entire establish-
ment. You must notice how I am re-
spected around here.

"Now, old man, I shall be most happy
to send you a pair made to fit you per-
fectly of the richest fabric. You have
only to say the word."

It is needless to add that my cure was
instantaneous and complete. Trans-
lated For San Francisco Argonaut From
the French of M. Champinout.

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market that are not White Lead,
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